

Thursday Afternoon, October 8, 1891

For The Transcript.  
The Garlands of Departure.  
We wore no garlands of departure,  
We had no parting words to say;  
None knew from any outward token  
How bid our hearts upon that day.

I only saw your firm lips quiver,

A touch of pain, a tearful eye,

And knew how much it cost to murmur  
The farewells words, the soft "Good Bye."

A touch of hands, the lips slight pressure,  
A lift of hand, and you were gone;

The train sped on, the last fararer,

Each heart now feels itself alone.

MISIE C. BALLARD.

MEMOIR.

REV. JAMES ROBERT LATTONUS.

James Robert Lattonus was born

February 10, 1862, in New Castle

County, Delaware, and died August

2nd, 1891, at Pensaukin, New Jersey.

He was converted in December, 1879,

under the ministry of Rev. J. S. Lane

in the city of Philadelphia, and at

once became active in church work,

allowing nothing but absolute necessity

to keep him from his place in the

prayer and class meeting. His zeal

in soul-winning was so marked that

during the pastoral term of Rev. J.

Wesley Barkins at Eighteenth and

Wharton streets, in Philadelphia, he

was licensed as an exhorter and im-

mediately began the work of establish-

ing a mission at a point where a flour-

ishing society now exists.—Twenty-

second and Reed streets. He began

this work by holding meetings under

a tree at first, afterward in a machine

shop, and by his magnetic Christian

influence drew the people to himself

and to his Master, and the people of

that mission owe him a great debt of

gratitude to-day.

The "call of God" was upon him,

and having had but few educational

advantages beyond the district schools

in his usual straightforward way he

asked his father if he thought he

could spare him from the home in

order that he might seek more education.

The father, with truly patriarchal faith, and a Christlike spirit,

turned to God's Word and read:

"He that loveth father or mother

more than me, is not worthy of me."

So with parental blessing he went

to Pennington Seminary, saying, "I'll

do it for Christ's sake;" and in his

private journal he penned the following words of consecration and coven-

ant with God:

MY CONSECRATION TO GOD.

Pennington Seminary, Oct. 1, 1888.

My Dear Heavenly Father—I do

this morning desire to draw nearer to Thee, and in doing so, as I understand Thy Word, I must have clean hands and a contrite heart. As I understand my heart this morning, I am sorry that the past I have not lived nearer to Thee. As Thou knowest, on the eleventh day of August, at Pitman Grove, I gave myself to Thee, and so far as I know I have never withdrawn the offering, but if, in Thy sight, I have, or if there is any new light that Thou hast given me, revealing sin or making known duty, not yet repented or performed, or any new power not consecrated to Thee, with Thy help here and now, for to-day and all days to come, for time and eternity, give myself to Thee and by Thy grace I will not take myself out of Thy hands.

I do accept Thee as my Savior and Sanctifier. Keep, Lord Jesus, that which I now commit to Thee, forever. Amen!

And to this he added his name.

As his pastor for two years at Pennington, I simply voice the sentiment of the entire school—professors and pupils—as well as the community, when I say: "He was true to that Covenant. No student had such commanding influence in the seminary as Rob Lattonus. He was easily the leader in every good work. At various times he was president of the Y. M. C. A., of Philomathian, and was the originator and earnest leader of the holiness meeting held at 4 o'clock on Sabbath afternoons in the seminary building. As a local preacher he gave his services to any appointment that the local pastor might assign to him, whether in the church work at Pennington or out on the hills in the school house and among the people. Many loyal, loving hearts throughout that country will mourn his loss. For him to say 'I will go' was to have the work provided for."

The following verses written by him at the time, indicate very clearly the deep struggle that was taking place in his own mind, and the spirit of faithful submission that characterized him:

I'm ready, Lord Thy will to do,

What Thou commandest, and where'er Thy hand may lead

I'll stably follow Thee.

I called to walk in thorny paths,

To honor Thy request.

What Thou commandest, and where'er Thy hand may lead,

Thy servant shall be cast.

Amid earth's arrows and its woes,

I still will follow Thee;

For the arm on which thou didst rely,

Is made of iron and steel.

And when I bear thy throny I stand

Ready for every trial.

Remembering still Thy precious blood,

Lord, I will trust in Thee.

He was appointed by Presiding Elder Rev. J. B. Graw, D. D., of the New Jersey Conference, to Titusville charge, in March, 1890, and served that charge with great acceptability during that Conference year. Early in September, while at Titusville, we advised together, and he stated that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and knows it to be a good medicine. Buy it. Try it. 25 cents.

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the dying, the dead, the buried,

the lost, the found, the missing,

the dead, the buried, the buried,

the dead, the buried, the buried,